

CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1970



Brought up right Bournvita bright!



Can a child ever have enough energy? He burns it up almost as fast as he builds it up—at school and at play. Wise mothers know that a cup of Bournvita every day is the best way to replenish this energy and keep children bright and healthy.

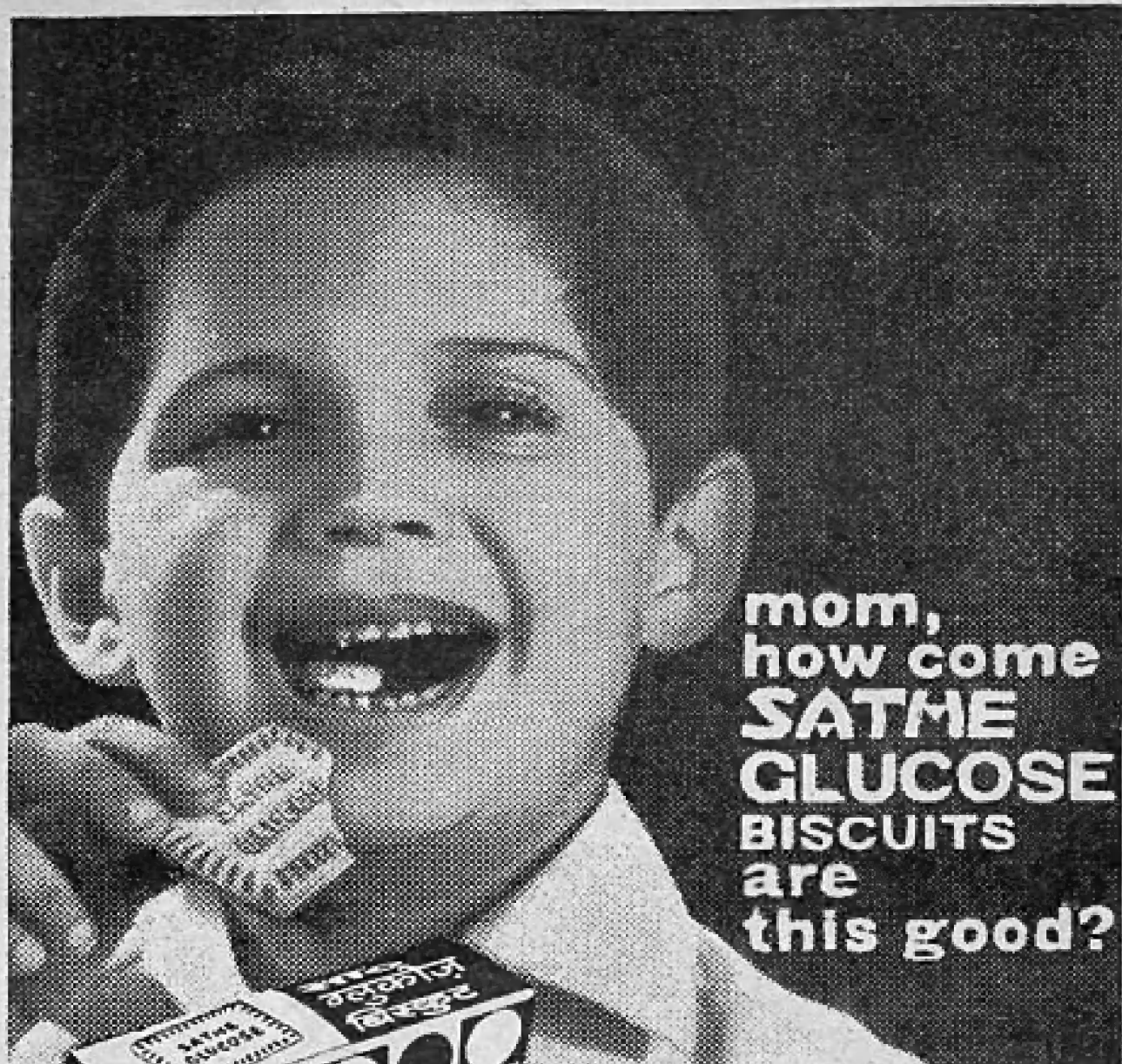
Delicious, nourishing Bournvita is a balanced blend of cocoa, milk, malt and sugar. And it's made by Cadburys!

Drink *Cadbury's* **Bournvita**
for strength and vigour—*and taste*



Bentons 10391





mom,
how come
**SATHE
GLUCOSE
BISCUITS**
are
this good?



Sathe Glucose Biscuits are made that way: from pure ingredients: protein-rich wheat flour, rich, creamy milk and energy-giving glucose: baked to a golden brown: with all the goodness preserved intact. And finally, packed so well the biscuits remain oven-fresh and oh! so crisp!

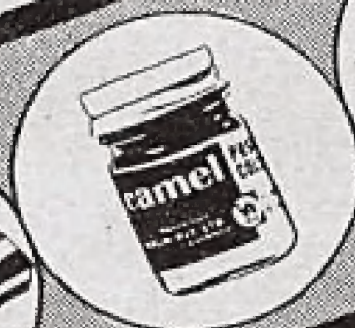
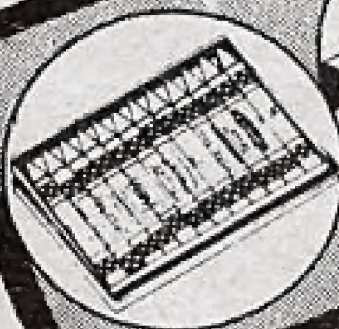


SATHE BISCUITS SATISFY

add
colour
to your
life
use ...



camel
ART COLOURS

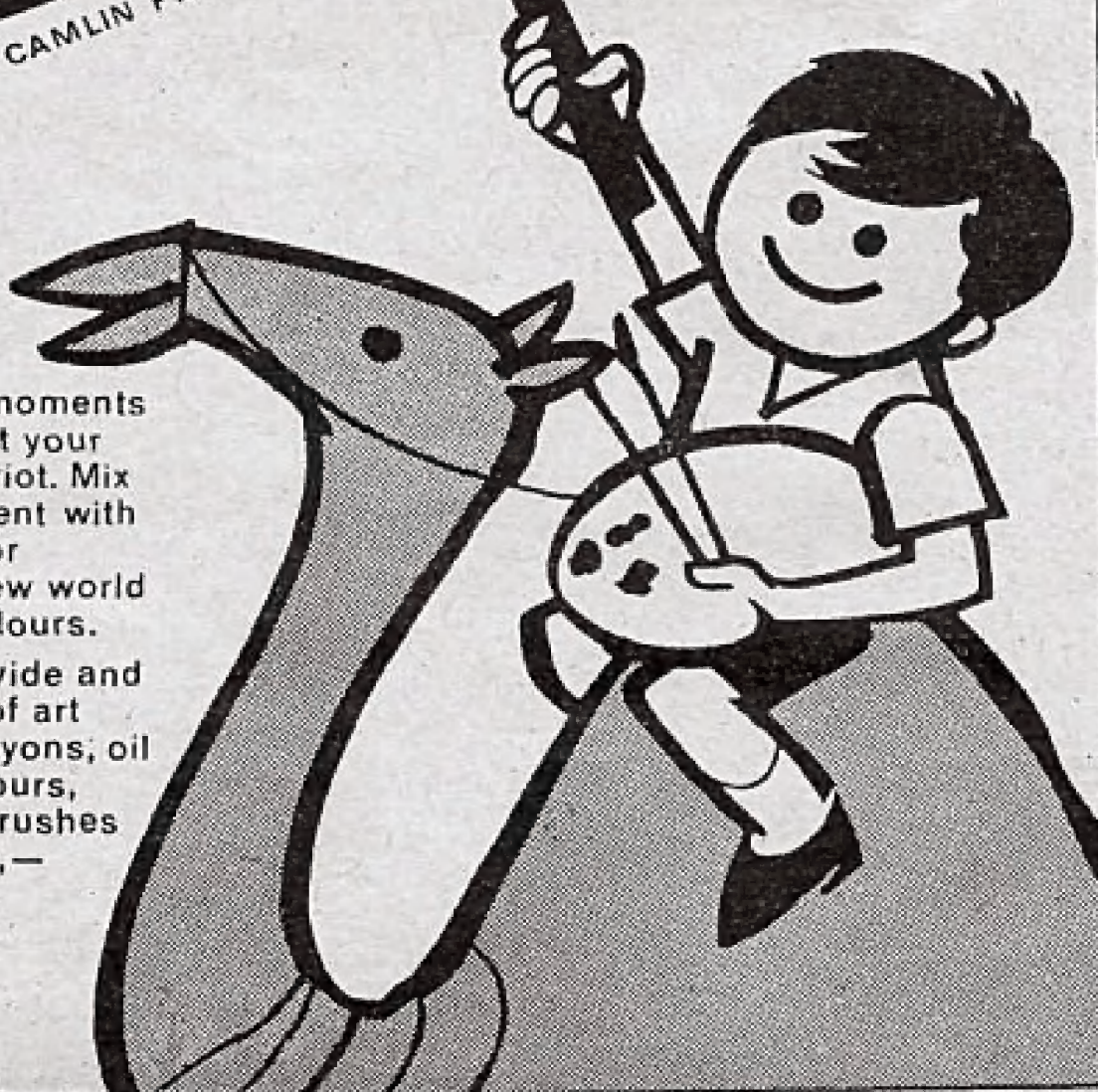


CAMLIN PRIVATE LIMITED

Art Material Division, J. B. Nagar,
Kurla Andheri Road, Bombay-59 AS.

Fill your leisure moments with pleasure. Let your imagination run riot. Mix colours, experiment with ideas, open up for yourself a rich new world of bright, vivid colours.

Camel makes a wide and complete range of art colours—wax crayons, oil pastels, tube colours, poster colours, brushes and cake colours,—specially for you.



CHANDRA
MA
26
11



**ARTISTS...STUDENTS...
CREATE YOUR MOODS WITH...**

**STUDENTS' OIL & WATER COLOURS
ARTISTS' OIL, WATER & POSTER COLOURS**



... both for the child in the classroom and for the master in the studio.

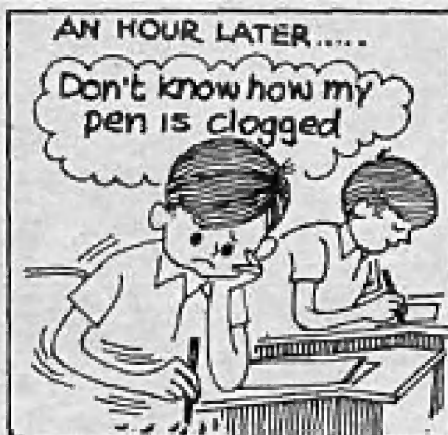
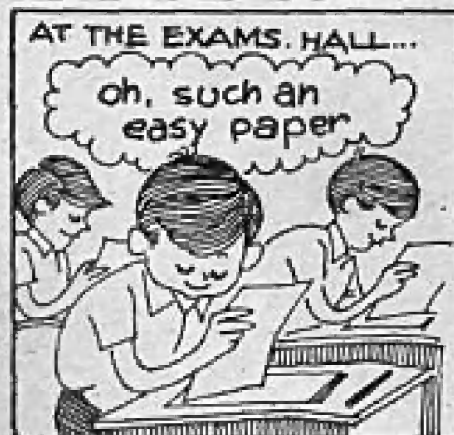
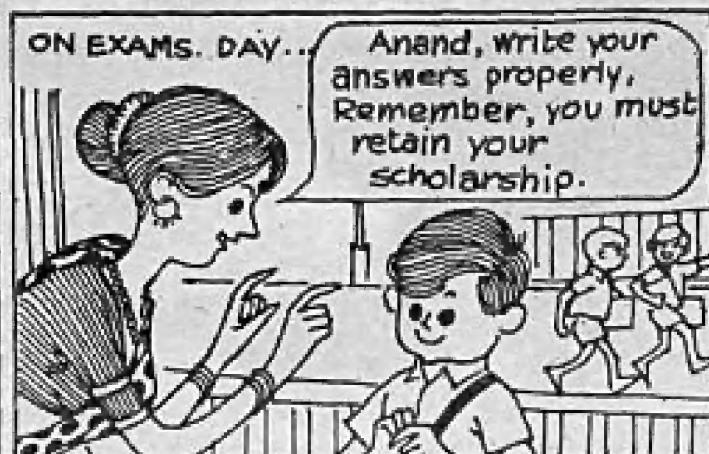
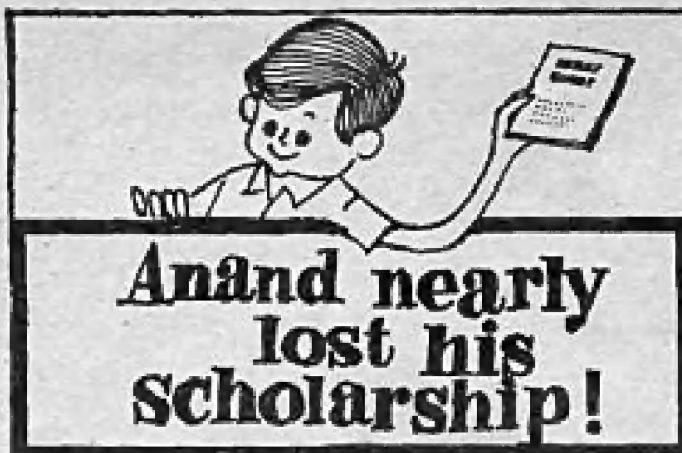
... when everything is a picture only in the mind, when colours are still only on the fabric of imagination, that's when we come in, with a thrilling line of colours to match the work of your imagination.

**SHALIMAR STUDENTS' OIL & WATER COLOURS
SHALIMAR ARTISTS' OIL, WATER & POSTER COLOURS
BACKED BY 68 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE**

SHALIMAR PAINTS LTD.

A Member of the Courtaulds (U.K.) Group of Companies.

Selling Agents: ■ Advani Private Ltd. Calcutta-1. ■ M. G. Shahani & Co., (Delhi) Pvt. Ltd. New Delhi-1. ■ Swan-Shahani Corporation, Bombay-1





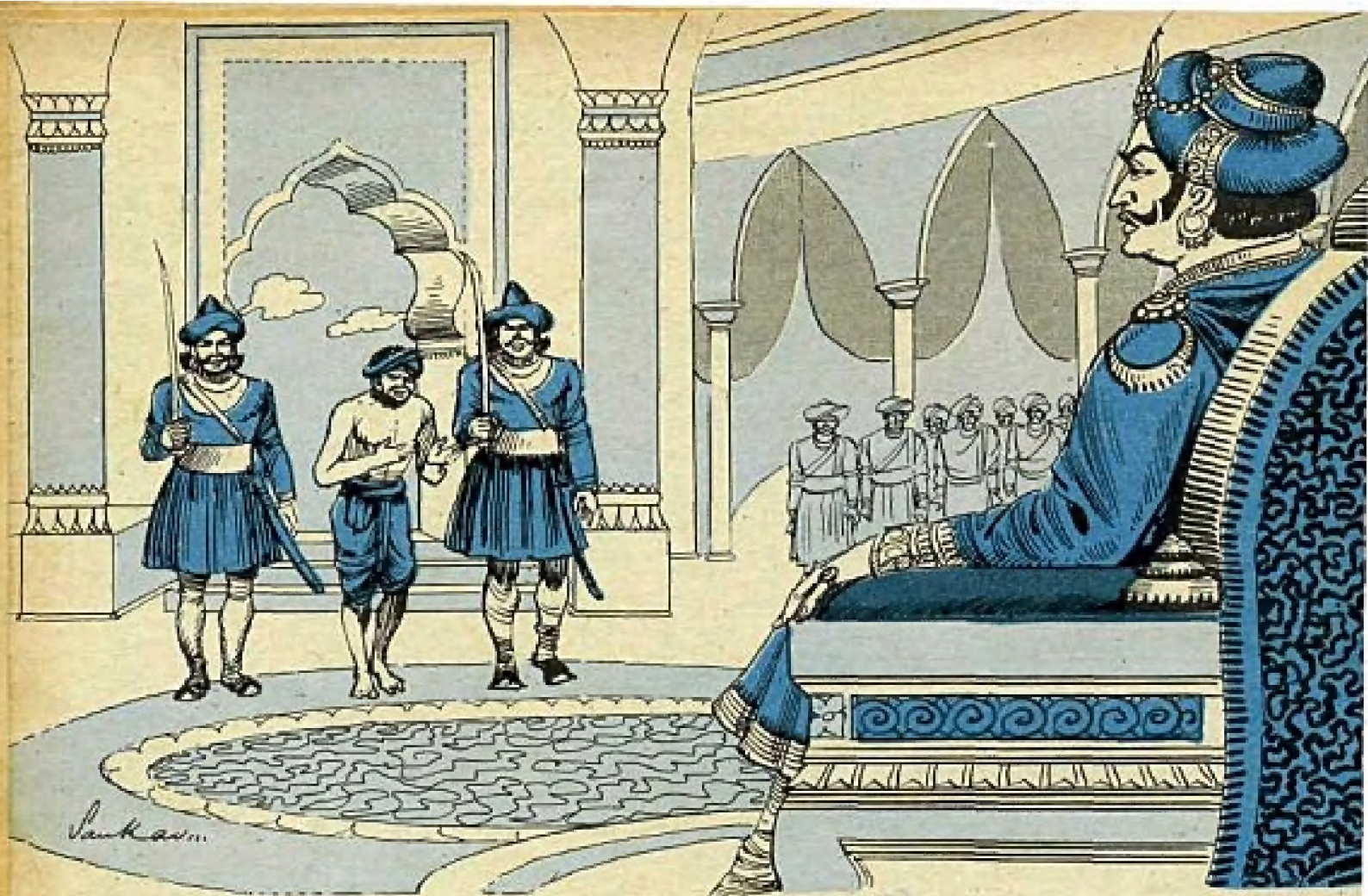
In this issue is the second part of the stories from the great Epic, the Mahabharata. Here you can read The Sacrifice of the Serpents; The Story of King Santanu and The Story of King Pandu and Princess Kunti Devi.

Then there is a fascinating story from Korea all about 'story spirits'. From Italy there is a tale centred around a crane. As you probably know, cranes are large birds like storks, with the peculiar habit of going to sleep while standing on one leg! Of course, there is another adventure of Baron Munchausen, and when you reach page 36, you will discover that the Baron was a real person, who lived two hundred years ago.

From Indian mythology there are no less than eight stories, each one a gem. And for the younger readers there are puzzles plus a rewarding photo caption contest.

Vol. 1 No. 2
AUGUST 1970

Printed by B. V. Reddi at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and published by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Sarada Binding Works, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-26. Controlling Editor: "Chakrapani"



THE CLEVER DHOBI

Many, many years ago, there was a king who was as foolish as he was cruel and hasty.

One morning as the king was being shaved, he was suddenly startled by a loud noise outside, and although the barber did his best, he could not avoid making a small cut on the royal chin. The King raved in his temper and the trembling barber in fear of

his life, quickly gathered up his implements and scuttled out of the chamber.

That same afternoon the King was told that his favourite horse had collapsed and died. Then in the evening, a courier arrived with the disastrous news that one of the king's ships, carrying valuable treasure had been lost at sea.

The King was in a black

mood that he should be beset with such ill-fortune, and started to think as to how he began such a terrible day. Then he remembered that the first person to greet him on rising, was his dhobi. Ah! that must be the one responsible for this day of misfortune, so the King ordered the dhobi to be hanged immediately, for owning such a face of ill omen.

The gallows was made ready, and a seething, murmuring crowd soon gathered to see the unfortunate dhobi hanged. As the noose was put around the dhobi's neck, the magistrate told him he could make one last wish before being hanged.

"Let me have the honour sir, of seeing his Majesty for the last time," begged the dhobi.

This seemed a simple wish to grant, so the dhobi was quickly taken by the guards to the King's palace.

In the presence of the King, the dhobi knelt and in a plaintive voice begged permission to say a few last words.

"Speak up," ordered the King. "Then we can get this hanging done before the moon rises."

The dhobi looked up at the king and in a surprisingly firm voice said, "Your Majesty, I am told that to-day you have suffered much ill-fortune, and all because mine was the first face your Majesty saw this morning. But your face happened to be the first face I saw this morning. I am not afraid of losing my life at your command, but great King, let it not be said that because the King's face was the first face the dhobi saw, he had to forfeit his life."

The King quickly realised that the dhobi had turned the tables on him, and scared of the finger of scorn, he reluctantly ordered the dhobi to be set free.

HOW DID THE CAULIFLOWER GET ITS NAME?

The first part of the name comes from the Old French *col*, meaning cabbage, and this word derived from the Latin *caulis*, which means stalk. The name cauliflower therefore means a cabbage with a flower.



HOW TO REWARD LOYALTY

Kasi was the capital of a famous old Kingdom in India, and many years ago there was an outbreak of burning, killing and looting by a band of rebels who were enemies of the King, and who wanted his younger brother to replace him on the throne.

The rebellion grew worse, so the King led his army against the rebels. Within a matter of days the army, marching by day and night, encircled the rebel force and though the fighting was bitter, there could be only one end to the conflict. But with victory in sight, the King

was wounded in the chest by an arrow.

Weak from the loss of blood, the King slumped in his saddle, but his horse, a well trained animal, carried him from the field of battle and slowly wended its way to a near by village.

The villagers who had never seen their King, thought that the wounded man must be one of the rebel leaders fleeing from the battle. Being loyal to their King, they would not help the wounded man and walked away leaving him lying on the road. Only the village magistrate re-

mained, and kneeling beside the King, asked him if he was a rebel or for the king. The King managed to reply that he was on the side of the King.

The magistrate then had the King carried to his house and sent for a skilled surgeon who lived in the next village. The surgeon removed the arrow and applied many healing herbs to the wound, after which, the King fell into a deep sleep which lasted many hours. The magistrate saw to it that every care was taken of the patient, and within a fortnight the King had recovered sufficiently to return to Kasi.

Before he left for Kasi, the King embraced the magistrate and said, "My good man, you have restored my life to me and I shall never be able to repay you for your great kindness. Please come to Kasi and be my guest for as long as you will. I live in the palace, and if you utter the password 'Mahan' to the guards, they will admit you into the palace immediately."

The magistrate had no idea

as to the importance of his guest, and being a busy landowner he had little time to make a journey to Kasi.

A few years later there was a serious drought in the area of the magistrate's village, and consequently all the food crops perished. The villagers begged the magistrate to go to Kasi and persuade the King not to collect any taxes for that year.

So the magistrate went to Kasi and with the use of the password, which he still remembered, was admitted into the presence of the King. Imagine his surprise when he saw his former guest seated on the jewelled throne. The King also recognized his friend the magistrate, and having listened to the magistrate's tales of woe granted him all his requests.

At the pressing invitation of the King, the magistrate stayed as a royal guest at the palace for a month, and on the eve of his departure, the King made him a gift of twenty villages.

The Chief Minister was outraged that twenty villages

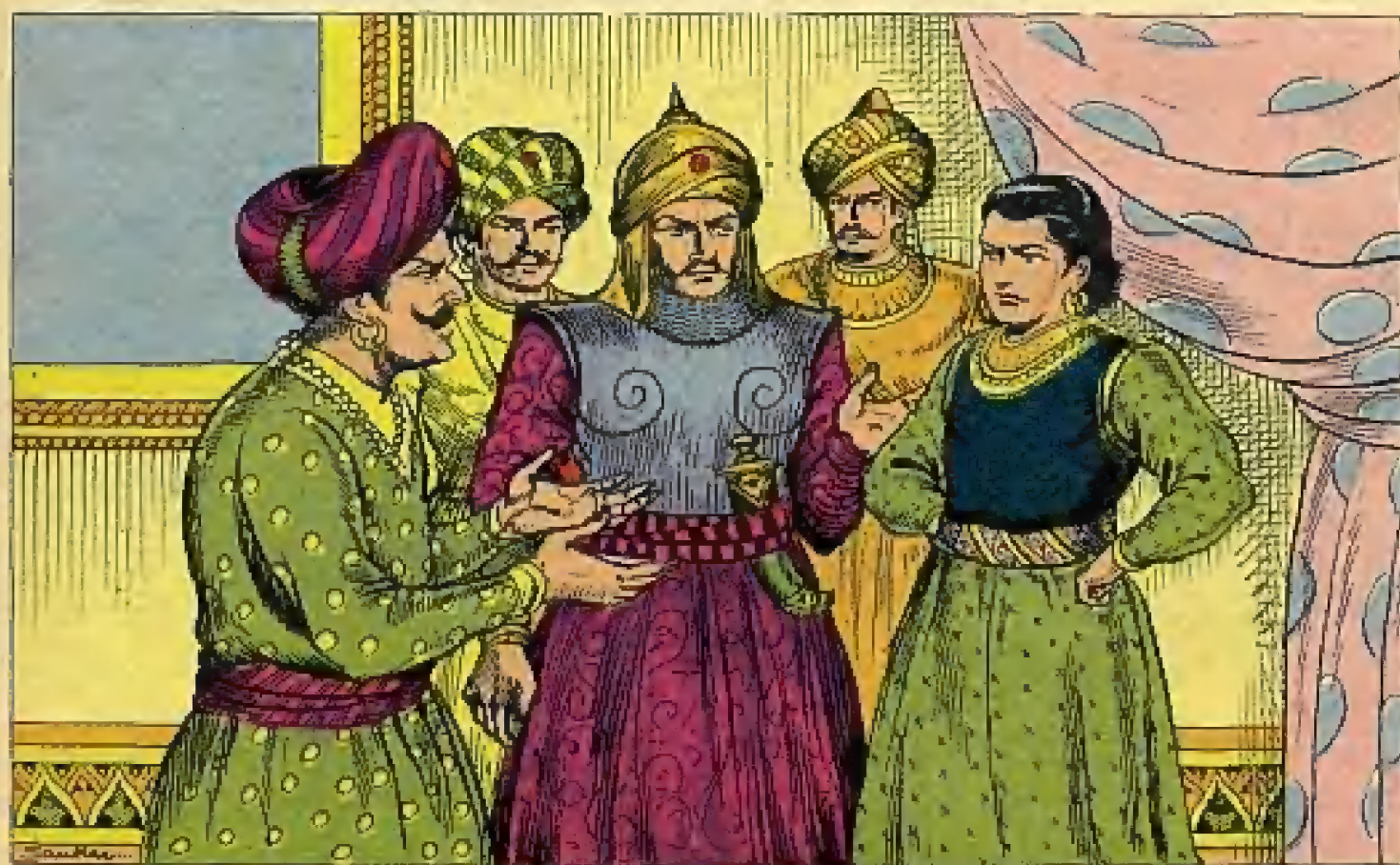
should be given to a mere nobody, and persuaded the king's eldest son to object to such a magnificent gift.

The following day when all the court was assembled, the king's son stepped forward and voiced his objection of the King's gift to the magistrate.

"If giving gifts to the undeserving is wrong," replied the King, "Then it is a greater wrong not to reward those who richly deserve them. This good man did not know that I was

the King. He accepted my statement that I was not a rebel, and nursed me back to health from my grievous wound. The gift of twenty villages is nothing, he deserves far more. If every man were to be given his just reward, there would be no reward great enough to be given to this loyal friend of mine."

The prince was greatly moved and apologised profusely to his father, and on bended knee thanked the magistrate for saving his father's life.





THE FOOLISH PUNDIT

The King of the ancient kingdom of Kalinga was a great patron of the arts, and at his court was a pundit, who, although a learned man, lacked commonsense.

Everyday the pundit used to sit with the King and tell him countless stories from the puranas. The King enjoyed these stories, and to show his pleasure, he would shower the pundit with costly gifts. Unfortunately this gave the pundit a wrong idea of his own importance, and strutting around like a peacock, he would coldly ignore ministers and courtiers, with the consequence that he soon made many enemies at court.

The Chief Minister decided it was time the pundit was taught a lesson, so he ordered the palace guards not to allow the pundit into the palace any more. Everyday the pundit went to the palace gates, and everyday the pundit was turned away by the guards. In the end the pundit decided to write a letter to the King, begging to know why he was not allowed to enter the palace.

The pundit took his letter to the palace, and ordered the guards to deliver it immediately to the King. The captain of the guard promptly took the letter to the Chief Minister, who just as promptly tore it up.

In the meantime the King



was curious as to why he had not seen the pundit for some time, and so he sent for the Chief Minister to find out whether he knew the reason for the pundit's absence.

The Chief Minister in a solemn voice told the King that the poor pundit had been suddenly taken ill and died. The King was upset to hear such bad news, but after a few days the memory of the pundit receded in his mind.

Alas; the poor pundit continued to write imploring letters to the King, which were all delivered to the Chief Minister,

who destroyed them without any scruples. So the pundit waited and waited in vain for a reply, and in his despair he realised that he had not a single friend at court.

He knew now that his arrogance was to blame for his present disfavour, and vowed to change his attitude, if only he could be allowed to enter the palace again. Finally he decided he would try and see the King when he rode out of the palace.

Within a few days the pundit's patience was rewarded, and as the King and his retinue came through the palace

gates, the pundit rushed forward and fell to his knees in front of the King's horse. Turning to his Chief Minister, the King asked "Is this not the pundit who died so suddenly?"

"Your Majesty" replied the Chief Minister with a mournful look, "It must be the pundit's ghost."

That same evening the pundit waited patiently for the King's return, and as the King rode by, the pundit stepped forward and handed the King a letter.

On reaching the palace, the King opened the letter and read, "Your Majesty, when I served you, I did not realise that I also had a duty towards others. That was why I became a ghost, even though I am still alive."

The Chief Minister explained why it had been necessary to teach the pundit a lesson. The King, who had every faith in his Chief Minister's judgement was highly amused and decided that the pundit should again be allowed at court as the Chief Minister's lesson must have done him the world of good.



DID YOU KNOW?

The Taj Mahal was built by the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, in memory of his wife, Mumtaz Mahal. In those days women were little more than servants, yet the Empress did so much to help her husband that much of his success was due to her. Heartbroken at her death, Shah Jehan, at enormous cost, brought together the finest materials and the most skilled craftsmen to build a mausoleum that would be a lasting wonder. Work began on the Taj Mahal in about 1630, and 20,000 workmen spent 20 years at their task before the wonder was completed.



THE STORY SPIRITS

Long ago in a land near Japan called Korea, a rich husband and wife lived in a beautiful house with many rooms. Their one child, a boy, was so fond of stories that a man-servant told him a new one at bed-time every day.

Most of these were about ghostly foxes and tigers who were bad, and dragons and fairies, who were good.

An old leather bag hung on a nail in the corner of the rich boy's room. The mouth of this bag was tightly tied with string,

and it hung there year after year, quite forgotten.

Every time a new story was told, the ghostly spirits from the story had to go into the bag. Because the boy was selfish and would never tell stories to anybody, the poor story-spirits could never get out.

The story-spirits had no room to move or breathe, because the bag got very full. The magic foxes and tigers who could turn themselves into people got more and more angry.

The boy's parents died and

he grew into a man, but still he had a story told to him every night. At last, the time came for him to marry and his uncle found him a pretty wife.

On the morning of the day before the wedding, the old servant heard whispering coming from the boy's room. His young master was out with

friends and there was nobody else about. "Who can be whispering and talking?" he thought. He crept closer and listened.

"We've been cramped up in the dark here for years," said a grumpy voice. "It's time we had our revenge."

The servant went outside and peeped into the room through a window. The voices seemed to come from the old leather bag. It was swaying and its sides were moving as if there was something alive inside.



"When he is riding on horseback to the bride's house he'll get thirsty," said a voice. "I'll change into a well by the roadside with a drinking cup all ready on it. If he drinks, he'll get very ill."

There was a laugh and another voice said, "If he doesn't drink, I'll be a field of poisonous strawberries."

A squeaky voice said, "I know that when a bridegroom gets to the bride's house, a big sack of rice husks is put on the ground. This makes it easy for him to get down from his horse. I'll turn myself into a red hot poker and hide in the sack and burn his foot."

Then a deep voice said, "I'm going to be a snake hiding under the mat in the bedroom. If you all fail, I shall come out when everyone is asleep and bite him."

All the voices called out, "Agreed!" Then there was silence.

The old servant was very shocked and sat on the mountainside to think what to do. Nobody would believe him, so

he decided to say nothing.

Next morning, the wedding procession was ready. The servant saw a beautifully saddled horse for the bridegroom and another with red tassels for the uncle. There was a carriage with a crimson hood for the bride. At the end, was the uncle on his horse.

"Let me lead the young master's horse," pleaded the servant. The uncle agreed and off they set.

After a while, the bridegroom said, "Here is a well of clear water with a cup floating on it. Fetch me a drink."

"No Sir," said the old servant, shaking his head. "We shall be late if we stop." So, they were past the first danger.

A little later the young man said, "Here is a field of strawberries. Pick me a few, will you?"

But the servant led the horse on faster. "They would be bad for you," he said.

This made the uncle angry and he rode up to the servant shouting, "How dare you disobey the young master? After



the wedding, you will be punished."

Still, the servant would not stop and the second danger was passed. Many guests were waiting at the bride's house when they arrived and a great feast was ready. Two attendants ran forward with a sack of rice husks for the bridegroom to step on to from his horse.

To everybody's surprise, the old servant snatched the sack away in such a hurry that the young man lost his balance and fell. The uncle was furious and made up his mind to punish the servant severely.

After the wedding ceremony and the wonderful feast it was time for bed. No sooner were the bride and groom alone than the old servant rushed into their room with a sword in his hand.

Taking no notice of the bride's screams, he pulled back the mat. Sure enough, under it was a snake. The old servant cut the poisonous creature in pieces with tremendous blows from his sword. The last danger was over.

"How did you know there was a poisonous snake under this mat?" the bridegroom asked with a gasp.



The servant cut the poisonous snake in pieces with tremendous blows from his sword.

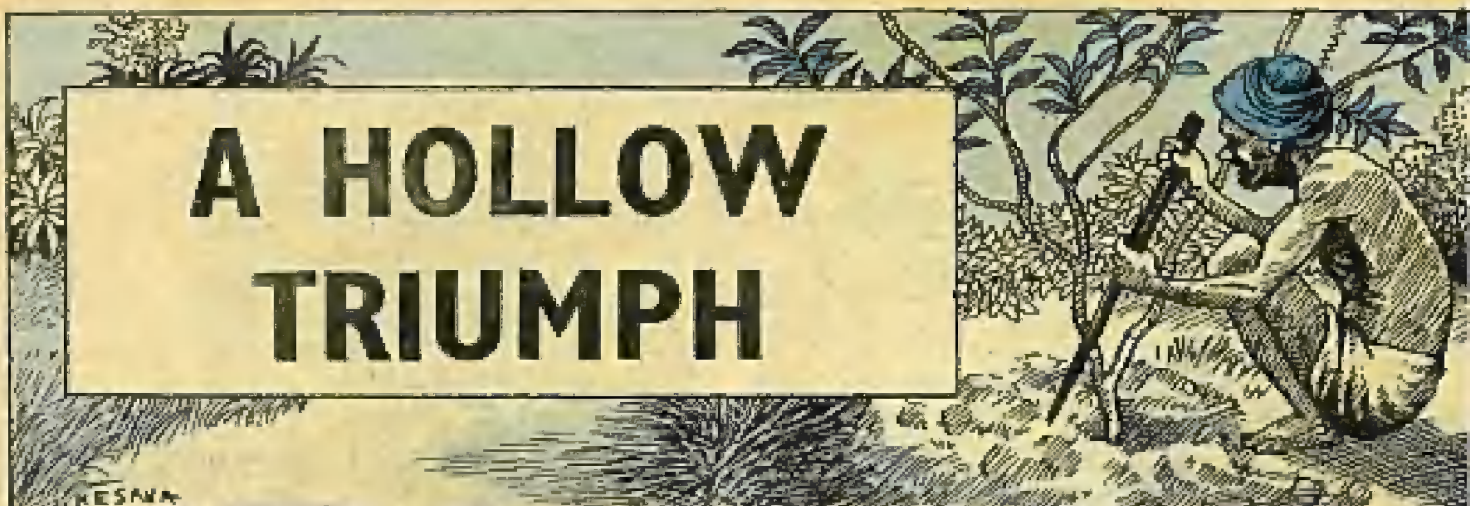
The servant felt that he would be believed now, so he told him how he had heard the story-spirits plotting revenge for being shut up in the old leather bag.

"The story-spirits cannot get out unless you tell the stories to others," said the servant. "It is lucky that I heard them and could help you."

When the bridegroom knew how the servant had saved him, he thanked him from the bottom of his heart and gave him a reward.

"I am to blame," he said. "From now on I will tell stories to all who ask for them, so that no story-spirits shall ever again suffer from being crowded up in an old leather bag."

A HOLLOW TRIUMPH



Many years ago, in the old town of Bhadrapore, a wealthy old man known as Raja, decided to sell his town house to Seth Gulab Chand, a widower with one son, named Kumar.

It was agreed that in purchasing the house, Gulab Chand would retain the servants, all of whom, had worked for Raja for many years.

One of the servants was Anand, the gardener; but Anand soon discovered that the change in masters was a change for the worse. Although the garden, with its beds of colourful flowers, was a joy to behold, not a day passed without poor Anand receiving abuse and criticisms

from Gulab Chand and his son. Within a month, Gulab Chand ordered Anand to dig up the flower beds, and grow vegetables which could be sold in the bazar for a profit. The gardener was filled with grief but there was little he could do about it, as other employment was hard to get.

Then one morning, when Anand was busy watering his beloved flowers, a well dressed man came into the compound and called Anand to him.

"Are you Anand who worked for Raja for more than fifteen years?" asked the man.

"Yes Sir that is true," replied Anand. "Then I am sorry to tell you that Raja died last month, and in his will he left you the sum of two



thousand rupees, because you were a good and faithful servant."

"I am the lawyer for Raja's estate," continued the man, "And here is a bag containing two thousand silver rupees, which I want you to count, and give a receipt for."

Anand was very sad to

hear of his late master's death and he found it difficult to express his thoughts and gratitude to the lawyer.

When the lawyer had departed, poor Anand sat on the ground and burst into tears of grief, that the good master was dead, and tears of joy because he had remembered a

humble gardener in his will.

But Anand had the good sense to dry his tears and decide what he should do with his money. Firstly, he would immediately leave the service of Gulab Chand, and go to his native village. There he could buy a cottage with land, to grow all the flowers he loved so much. But before he went to see Gulab Chand, he would hide his money in the hollow of the banyan tree, which stood at the end of the garden.

Grasping his bag of money tightly, Anand hurried down the garden to the banyan tree, where he hid the bag in the hollow, thinking it would be absolutely safe there. But unfortunately for Anand, Kumar had overheard the conversation with the lawyer, and from behind some bushes, had watched Anand hide the money in the banyan tree.

As soon as Anand was out of sight, Kumar hurried to the banyan tree, picked out the bag, and ran to tell his father of their ill-gotten fortune.

In the meantime Anand

went to Gulab Chand, and thought it wise not to tell him of Raja's kind gift to him but said that he had to return to his village immediately because his relatives wanted him there. At first Gulab Chand was reluctant to let him go, but after a good deal of grumbling, paid Anand his wages up to that day, and said he could go early the following morning.

As soon as Anand had left the house, Kumar ran to his father with the money, and told him about the stranger giving Anand a bag of money, and how he had stolen it from under Anand's nose. But in his excitement he forgot to tell his father about the banyan tree, and Gulab Chand was too excited to ask for any details.

Embracing his son lovingly, Gulab Chand exclaimed, "Baba, you will go a long way in business. Now be off with you, whilst I see that the money is safely hidden. Anand is going early tomorrow morning and then the money will be ours, all ours!"

Next day at breakfast, Kumar



all impatient, asked his father for the key of the safe, so that they could enjoy feasting their eyes on the money.

"You are a fool," shouted Gulab Chand. "If I had put the money in my safe, and Anand had complained of theft to the police, the money would have been soon discovered, and you and I would have been taken to prison." "I am a wise man," con-

tinued Gulab Chand, "So I hid the money in the old banyan tree down at the end of the garden."

"But father," cried Kumar, "That is where Anand had hid the money, and from where I had stolen it."

They rushed down the garden. The banyan tree was there, the hollow was there, but the bag of money had departed, like Anand.



THREE SHORT SIGHTED BROTHERS

In a small town there were three houses in a row, in which lived three brothers, who were getting on in years. They were all so short sighted that they simply could not see anything unless it was within six inches of their noses.

One day the brothers met as usual, in the eldest brother's house. The eldest brother, after a lot of idle gossip, turned to his brothers and said, "My sight has improved considerably. I can even see the hindlegs of a mosquito, when it rests on the wall."

"Brother, do not boast," chortled the second brother. "Only last week you fell over a fruit seller's basket."

"Don't be stupid," shouted the eldest brother, "I am not talking about seeing in the daytime. It is at night that I can see even better than a cat."

"Let us not argue," said the youngest brother, "Instead, we should find out which of us has the best eyesight."

"I have an idea," continued the youngest brother. "Tomorrow morning they are laying the foundation stone for the new rest house. So let us see who can read what is engraved on the foundation stone from a distance of two hundred yards. Then, whoever's sight is the worst, will have to give a feast to the others."

All the brothers agreed to the



contest and then they parted.

The eldest brother having boasted so much about his eyesight, wanted to win the contest. But how? After a great deal of thought, he hit upon a simple plan. He knew the contractor who was building the rest house, and he would ask him what was engraved on the foundation stone.

So off he went to the con-

tractor's office, and soon found out that the wording on the foundation stone read, 'The building is donated to the pilgrims by the grace of Lord Krishna.'

As the eldest brother was leaving, he passed his second brother in the entrance. But neither of them recognized each other because of their bad eyesight.

The second brother had also



hit upon the same idea to win the contest, but he was not content with learning what was engraved on the stone, he also found out from the contractor that the stone was white marble and the lettering in gold.

Now the youngest brother had also schemed to seek the help of the contractor, and apart from what his brothers had learned, he also found out the donor's name.

The three brothers were all very pleased with themselves, and in their excitement of winning the contest, could hardly sleep all night, and lay anxiously waiting for day break.

After hurried breakfasts, the three brothers set off for the building site, and when they were more than half a mile away, the eldest brother stopped and exclaimed, "There is no need to go any further, I

can read what is on the foundation stone from here. It says, This building is donated to the pilgrims by the grace of Lord Krishna."

The younger brothers were dumb founded and thought at first they had been defeated. But the second brother plucking up courage, turned to the eldest brother and said, "What kind of stone is it and what is the colour of the lettering?"

"Who bothers with such detail," retorted his eldest brother.

"I do," replied his brother with a smug smile. "The stone is white marble and the letters in gold."

"Not so fast," chirped in the youngest brother. "Tell me, what is the name of the donor engraved at the bottom of the stone?"

The two brothers were not able to answer his question, so

the youngest brother shouted triumphantly, "The name of the donor is Sri Govind!"

So victory seemed to go to the youngest brother, but the other two were not satisfied and an argument started. Just then none other than the contractor was passing by, so they asked him to settle their dispute.

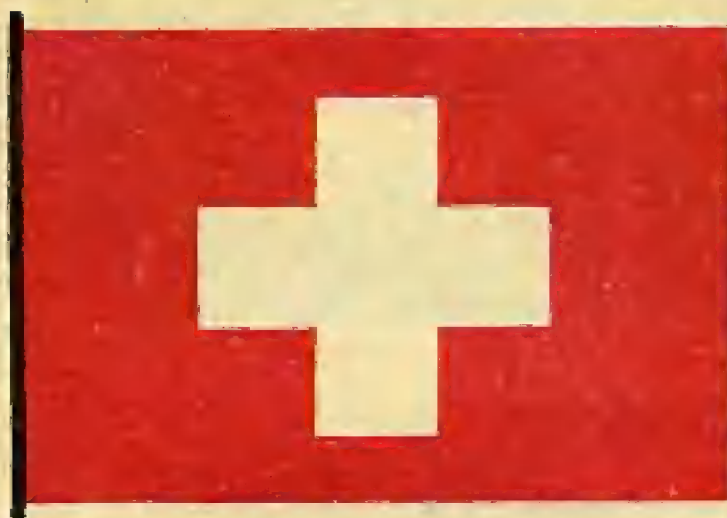
Having listened to each brother's story, the contractor was both surprised and shocked.

"How can you three read what is on the foundation stone, when it has not been laid?" he exclaimed. "The stone cracked as it was being carted to the site. So all three of you are just imagining things."

The three brothers realised that they had all been trying to hoodwink each other, and that now they were growing old, none of them had good eyesight any longer.



WHAT FLAGS ARE THESE?



This is Switzerland's only flag, one which has flown over this land-locked country for five centuries. Early in the 14th century the down-trodden peasants rose against their harsh masters. Their leaders looked on the rising as being as sacred as the Christian Crusades of the 11th to 13th centuries. With this in mind the peasants chose as their emblem the Holy Cross, a white Greek cross on a red field.

This flag, with its black, yellow and red stripes, is the flag of Uganda, in Central Africa. The emblem shown in the middle is a picture of a Balearic Crane, a bird often seen in that part of the World. This crane always nests on the ground in swamps and is never found perching in a tree.



This flag is only 20 years old; it was hoisted for the first time as the National flag of the Union of Burma on 4th January 1948. This great Asian country was once part of the British Empire, but became an independent republic outside the British Commonwealth. The small stars are said to signify the five major races—Burman, Karen, Shan, Kachin and Chin—that were brought together in one nation represented by the big star.



AS WISE AS AN OWL

Arabia was once ruled by a Sultan, who was not only very capable and learned, but very handsome too. So much so, everyone wondered which princess he would choose for his wife.

But one day when he was out hunting, he saw the most beautiful Arab maiden. She not only took his breath away, but he fell in love with her on the spot. Alas, the girl was of humble birth, and the queen mother and his ministers strongly advised him against marrying anyone of humble birth.

The Sultan was loathe to accept such advice. He ate little, grew thin and bad tem-

pered, and refused to take any interest in the affairs of his country. In the end the chief minister was sent to the girl's home, and giving her parents a large sum of money, soon obtained their consent to the marriage of their daughter to the Sultan.

The wedding was a great festive occasion, but afterwards things were no better, in fact, they were worse. For the Sultan was so deeply in love with his beautiful wife, he simply could not bear to be out of her sight. As a consequence, state affairs were sadly neglected, and seeing that the Sultan took no interest, all the officials did likewise. Taxes

were not collected; canals were not repaired, and when the rains came, floods devastated the countryside and destroyed most of the crops.

Famine swept the country, many people died, and many left the country to find somewhere to live better.

All the court was very sad, and everyone pleaded with the chief minister to use his influence with the Sultan.

The chief minister agreed to do what he could, but he knew that a direct approach to the Sultan would mean an angry rebuke, perhaps even the loss of his head. So a cunning solution had to be found.

One evening the chief minister persuaded the Sultan to walk with him in the palace gardens. In the gathering darkness, two owls were busy hooting away in a nearby tree. The minister suddenly covered his ears with his hands, and in a horrified voice, begged the Sultan to leave the gardens immediately.

The Sultan was amazed at this, and asked the minister if he really understood bird language. On the minister replying that he did, the Sultan asked what were the owls

saying.

"Your Majesty" said the minister very meekly, "I dare not say, because the owls are talking treason."

"Treason or not, I order you to tell me," demanded the Sultan.

"Sire," said the minister, "The two owls are discussing the marriage of their offsprings. The father of the boy is demanding a dowry of fifty empty villages. And the other owl said there would be no difficulty about that, because soon there would be hundreds of empty villages in the country."

The Sultan pondered for a while, then he really understood. Turning to his minister with a smile, he said, "You can now tell your owls that they are going to be unlucky."

From then onwards the Sultan worked night and day to bring prosperity back to his country. Throughout each day he rode round the country arranging for food for the starving. When the people saw their ruler helping them, they took heart and started working hard, and helping themselves.

It is of little wonder that people said the chief minister was as wise as an owl.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Hello, CHANDAMAMA readers. My name is Baron Munchausen (you should say it Monk-How-Sen). Last month I told you how I foolishly tied my horse to a stick in the snow for the night, and when the snow melted, found my horse tied to the top of a village church steeple.

The general had a habit of raising his hat from time to time, as he drank the strong wine.

It did not take a moment to get it down with a well-aimed shot from my pistol, which cut the horse's reins and allowed it to slide gently down to the ground.



The villagers, of course, shouted with amazement at my cleverness, and after raising my hat politely to them I set off once more on my long journey to Russia.

All went well. We reached Russia and found the country covered in ice and snow. I soon saw that it was the fashion of the Russians to use horse-drawn sledges for travel and

not wishing to appear any different, I at once bought myself a good light sledge and harnessed my faithful horse to it. We then set off briskly towards the city of Saint Petersburg. (This city is now called Leningrad, by the way.)

Passing along the edge of a dark forest, I heard the sound of howling behind me, and upon looking back I spied a



terrible wolf racing after me with the speed of an express train.

The wolf soon overtook the sledge. There was no hope of escape, but I remained quite calm, knowing that the hungry wolf was likely to be more interested in my horse than myself as a meal.

I admit that I was a little nervous, but my mind remained bright and clear as I formed a daring plan.

Keeping an eye upon the pursuing wolf, which was one of the largest and hungriest beasts I ever saw, I waited until it was a yard or two behind the sledge and about to make its leap.

"Whoa, horse!" I cried, with a tug on the reins.

The horse obeyed. The sledge was suddenly slowed down, so that the wolf's leap carried it right over my head.

"So far, so good," I thought, and my next move was a brilliant one.

"Away, good horse!" I shouted in my loudest voice and I jiggled the reins, letting them go slack.

My noble horse understood what was wanted and needed no second shout for him to act. Quick as a flash he slipped out of the bridle and harness and jumped aside.

The poor foolish wolf, not being able to stop in mid-air,





was carried forward by his, mighty leap so that he slipped into the bridle and harness, from which the horse had just escaped.

"Ho, ho—a neat trick indeed," I chuckled, and smartly tugging taut the reins I held the wolf in place in the harness, then gave him a sharp crack with the whip, which sent him galloping along, pulling the sledge behind him at a very fast pace.

Thus I drove the wolf towards the city of Saint Petersburg and arrived there quite safely, very much to the astonishment of the citizens, who had never seen the like of it before.

"This Baron Munchausen must surely be one of the cleverest men in the whole world," I heard one of them say.

I stayed in Saint Petersburg for two weeks or so, but found the city so cold that I hardly went out during the day. It seemed to be the custom of the people to go out at night and spend their time in eating and drinking, in which I was pleased to join.

The inn I visited each night was a warm and friendly place, where we ate well and also drank well. In the case of drinking, the Russians were very good at such a pastime—but



The column of smoke which rose from the general's head caught light.

none of us could compare with an old general, with a round red face and a splendid set of white whiskers, who dined and drank with us.

In a battle against the Turks, this brave old soldier had been wounded in the top of his head and always wore a hat at the table. The general had a habit of raising his hat from time to time, while he drank glass after glass of the very strongest wine. Not once did he show any sign that this heavy drinking affected him and I could not help wondering why—until I suddenly saw the reason.

I first thought that the general kept on raising his hat because he was in need of a little cool air, but finally I saw that every time he raised his hat, he also raised a silver plate which served to cover the wound in his head, and so allowed the fumes of the strong wine to escape in the form of a small cloud of vapour. In this way he let the fumes escape and so never became dizzy in the head, no matter how much he drank.

Thus the mystery was solved. I told two of my friends and offered to prove that I had guessed correctly.

I placed myself with my pipe behind the general and as he raised his hat, I reached to a candle on the table and lit a piece of paper for my pipe. This I wafted over the general's head. It was like lighting a jet

of gas. The column of smoke which rose from the general's head caught light and burnt for several seconds like a halo of fire around the head of a saint.

The dear old general did not seem to mind. He was so amused himself that he let us do it again and again during my stay in Saint Petersburg.

More wonderful adventures with Baron Munchausen next month, when he goes hunting.

WAS THERE SUCH A PERSON AS BARON MUNCHAUSEN?

Yes; while the stories were rather flights of fancy, the Baron was a real person, born at Hanover, Germany, in 1720. As a young man he served with the Russians against the Turks,



but in 1760 he retired and settled down on his estate at Bodenwerder. There he kept friends amused with the most fantastic stories of his life among the Russians, the Turks and other peoples. These tales were gathered together by Rudolf Erich Raspe, who later left his native Hanover to live in England. There, he worked on the stories, arranging them in a book which was first published in 1785; it bore the title **BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S NARRATIVE OF HIS MARVELLOUS TRAVELS AND CAMPAIGNS IN RUSSIA**. The mighty 'Deeds' of the Baron, who died in 1797, are now known all over the world.



PLANTS DON'T WALK

A Brahmin, who was a well known poet, journeyed to Benares, and wherever he stopped on his pilgrimage, he would recite his poems, to the enjoyment of his audiences, who gave him money.

On his way home, he reached a town called Ratanpur, and by then he had collected a thousand gold coins. At Ratanpur the people were so enamoured with his verses that they begged him to stay there for as long as he wished. He decided a rest would be welcome, but he was worried about his weighty bag of money, and a safe place in which to keep it.

So he went into a nearby forest, where he found a solitary datura plant. He dug a hole



underneath the plant, in which he put the bag of money. Then carefully covering the hole with earth and fallen leaves, the Brahmin felt sure no one would discover his wealth.

After a week had passed, the Brahmin decided to go and see that his money was still safe. But he soon discovered that both his money and the datura plant had disappeared. All he found was a hole in the ground!

The poor Brahmin was so

overcome and dejected at his loss that he decided life was no longer worth living. Close by was a river, and the Brahmin was about to jump in, when some good people passing by caught hold of him, and after listening to his tale of woe, took him to their king.

The Brahmin, in a miserable voice, told the king how he lost his thousand gold pieces, and the king, moved by the story, promised that within a matter of days the money would be

returned to the Brahmin.

Word went around that the king was seriously ill and that all the doctors in the city were commanded to his presence. The king asked each doctor what drugs he had used during the past week. One of the doctors said he had used many drugs, of which one was datura. The king then asked this doctor from where he had obtained the datura plant. On being told that a servant had found the plant, the servant was quickly arrested and brought before the king.

When the king demanded of the servant what he had done with the thousand gold pieces he had found under the datura plant, the trembling knave admitted he had taken the money and had hidden it in his house.

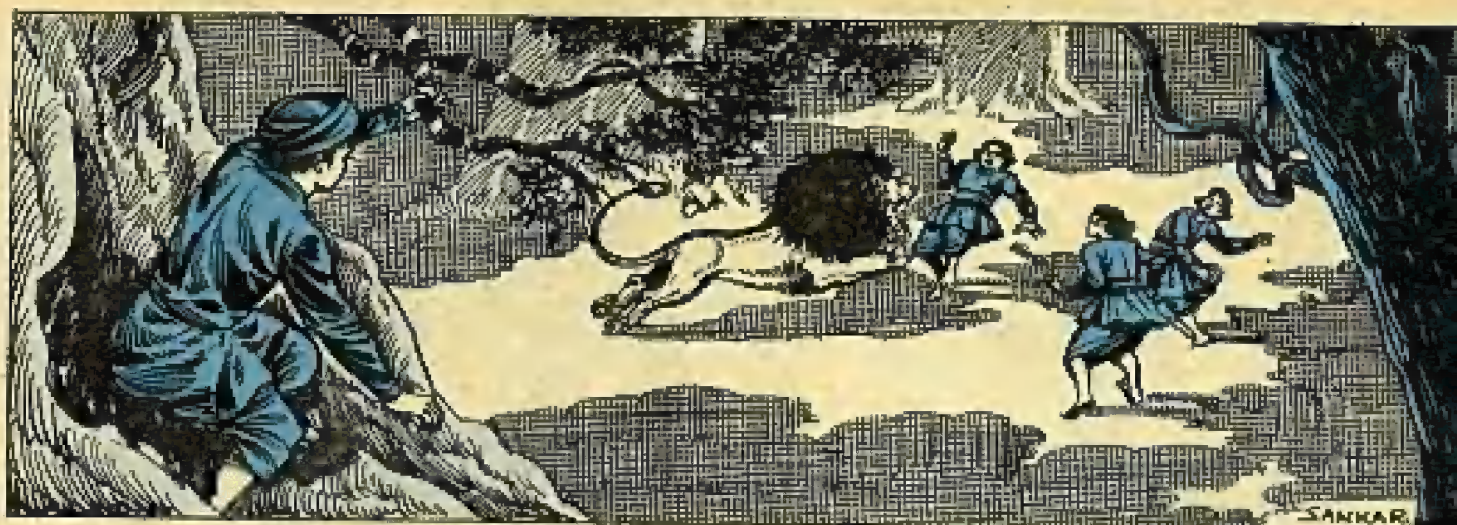
So the thousand pieces of

gold were returned to the Brahmin, who went on his way happily, praising the king's justice.

After all the others had left, the ministers asked the king how he had been able to find the thief so quickly. The king explained that it was all very simple, because the Brahmin had said that he hid the money under a datura plant, and if the thief had only wanted the money, he would have left the plant. But, explained the king, the thief not only wanted the money, but he wanted the plant as well. Now the only person wanting a poisonous datura plant, would be a doctor. Therefore he had questioned all the doctors, and the truth soon came to light.

The ministers marvelled at the wisdom of their king.





COMMONSENSE ALWAYS PAYS

Long, long ago, four young men, all good friends, left their village and journeyed to a far off city in search of learning.

When they arrived in the city, they went to a famous teacher, who was not only very learned, but also very wise and kind. Of the four youths, three proved to be hardworking and readily absorbed everything that was taught them. But the fourth youth was inclined to be lazy in his studies and did not learn very much.

At the end of five years, when they had completed their studies, the teacher called each

one of them to his office. To the three hardworking youths, he gave each one a special power. When the fourth youth came to his office, the teacher explained to him that, because of his idleness, he had learned very little, but luckily appeared to have an abundance of commonsense. This, the teacher said, would be helpful in the future, so much so in fact, that there was no need to grant the youth any special power, but only to ask for God's blessings to be upon him.

The four youths then thanked their teacher, and with his blessings, set out for their native



village. On their journey they had to pass through a dense forest, where they found the scattered bones of a lion.

One of the youths, with his special power, gathered the bones together and quickly formed them into the skeleton of the lion.

The second youth used his special power to cover the skeleton with flesh and the golden fur skin of a fully developed lion.

The third youth said he would use his special power to bring the lion to life. But the fourth earnestly beseeched his

friend not to bring the lion to life, as the animal might prove to be dangerous.

The three youths promptly laughed at their idle friend, and told him he was jealous of their special powers, but he need have no fear, as the lion would be grateful to them for bringing him back to life.

The fourth youth was not convinced by such arguments, and hurried to the nearest tall tree, which he climbed to the topmost branches, and from that safe distance, watched his friends and their absurd experiment.

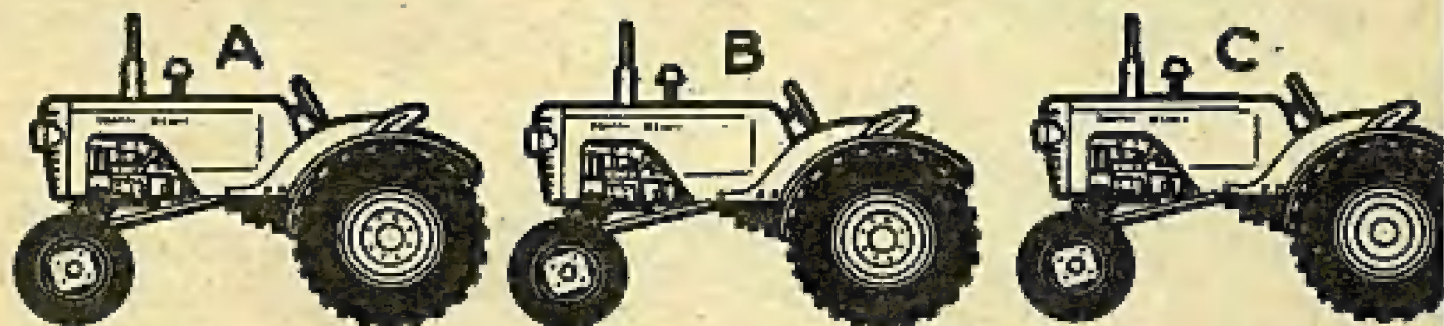
The third youth with his eyes closed, recited long verses over the lion's body, and soon afterwards there was movement in

the lion. First the ears twitched, then the tail; it yawned and arched its back. Finally it stood up and then gave such a roar that all the trees in the forest trembled.

The three youths were really scared and ran for their lives. But alas, the lion was very hungry, and quickly pounced on the three youths, whom it devoured in record time, and then slunk away into the forest for a place to rest.

Our fourth youth slowly climbed down from the tree and sadly continued his journey home, thanking his lucky stars for being alive and reflecting that sometimes a little common-sense was worth more than a lot of book learning.

Look carefully at these three tractors to see if you can spot the one which is slightly different.



ANSWER "C" Tractor

PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

An opportunity to win a prize...Winning captions will be featured in the October issue.



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words, but the two captions should be related to each other.

- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

- ★ Entries must be received before 31st August, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard and be addressed to :-

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

TALES FROM OTHER LANDS

THE COOK AND THE CRANE



"What is the meaning of this?"
thundered the king. "Why is one
leg missing?"

Once upon a time there was a king named Carlo, who ruled over a kingdom in the Northern part of Italy. All the people in the kingdom liked King Carlo very much, for although he was a stern ruler, he was a very happy king. He could never be angry with anybody who made him laugh.

Working in the kitchen of the king's palace was a cook. His name was Alessandro, but the other cooks called him Sandro for short. He was quite young, only about twenty years old, but in spite of this he was a very good cook. He knew just what meals pleased King Carlo and he, too, could have been very happy, but for one thing. He was very much in love with Brunetta, a serving maid, who had lovely brown hair and brown eyes.

All day long, Sandro cooked special and very tasty dishes and cakes in the kitchen for Brunetta, but she seemed to think that they were quite ordinary things to eat.

"Thank you, Sandro," she

would say, after eating something he had prepared for her. "That was quite nice; but I could very easily have made it myself just as well."

"If I find you something very special to eat, will you marry me?" Sandro asked.

"We will see," laughed Brunetta. "One day, perhaps, I will tell you exactly what I would like."

Sandro went on cooking in the palace kitchen, wondering what special dish Brunetta would want. Was it meat, or fish, or chicken, or ice-cream? He tried and tried with everything he could think of, but he never really succeeded in pleasing her.

One day, King Carlo went out hunting in the marshlands of his kingdom and came back with a crane bird. Taking it to the kitchen, he said to Sandro, "Cook this bird in the best way you can. I will have it tonight as a special dish for the guests I have invited to supper."

"Yes, your Majesty," said Sandro, bowing low.



"Thank you, Sandro," Brunetta would say, after he had prepared something for her to eat, "but I could have made it myself just as well."

For three or four hours, he bustled around in his kitchen. First, he plucked the crane and stuffed it with fine herbs and sweetmeats. Then, he built up the fire in the stove until it was just the right heat for roasting, not too hot and not too cold. Then Sandro made a special sauce from all the most delicious things he could think of. At last he was ready. He took the bird out of the oven and was pleased to see that it was roasted a rich golden brown. "This will indeed be a meal fit for a king," he said to himself.

He placed the roasted crane on a large silver platter, and was just putting the finishing touches to the dish when Brunetta came into the kitchen, ready to carry the tasty meal to the royal dining hall.

At the sight of the roasted crane, her brown eyes opened wide.

"That is just what I would like—a leg of that delicious crane all to myself," she said.

For a few moments, Sandro hesitated, but he was so anxious

to please Brunetta, that he cut off one of the roasted legs and gave it to her.

"Eat it while I keep the rest of the bird hot for the king," he said.

Brunetta did so and when she had eaten every bit of the roasted leg, she sighed with delight.

"Ah, yes! That was indeed something special for me to eat, Sandro," she said. "I think I can now say that I will marry you."

Off to the royal dining hall she went with the silver platter, leaving poor Sandro in a happy daze. He was delighted that he had at last pleased Brunetta but, at the same time, he was a little worried about what the king might say when the crane was served to him.

It did not take very long for him to find out. The king's voice, shouting for Sandro, could be heard right down in the kitchen. Trembling with fear, Sandro hurried to the dining hall.

"What is the meaning of this?" thundered the king.

"Why is one leg missing?"

"Pl . . . plea . . . please, your Majesty," stammered Sandro. "There is nothing wrong with it. It is a fact that *all* cranes have only one leg."

King Carlo looked puzzled for a moment. "Only one leg?" he repeated. "Are you sure about this?"

"Of course, sire," answered Sandro. "If you come to the marshlands with me tomorrow morning, I will show you."

"Very well," agreed the king. "But if what you have just told me is not true, you will be most severely punished."

I shall probably send you to prison for the rest of your life."

Poor Sandro did not want anything like that to happen, now that Brunetta had promised to marry him. His one thought as he went to bed that night was the fact that King Carlo could never remain angry with anyone who made him laugh.

At the sudden noise, the cranes woke up, put their other legs down and flew into the air.



Very early next morning, when the sun was just rising over the misty marshes, King Carlo and Sandro set out together. They did not speak until they came to a shallow pool, where a flock of cranes were still sleeping.

"Look, your Majesty," said Sandro, pointing to the flock of birds. "Don't you see that they have only one leg?"

For a moment or two, it looked as though King Carlo was going to explode with anger. His eyes glittered and his face went the colour of a tomato. He stepped forward to the edge of the pool, clapped his hands and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hey, ho, hoo, ha!"

At this sudden noise, the cranes woke up and at once they all put down their other legs and flew into the air.

"You greedy cook," cried the king, turning to Sandro. "Don't you see that now the cranes have *two* legs?"

"It is true, your Majesty and you have made it so," Sandro replied. "But, last night at

the supper table, why did you not clap your hands and shout, 'Hey, ho, hoo, ha!'"

King Carlo started to smile; then he chuckled and then he shook with hearty laughter at Sandro's clever reply.

He was still laughing, and tears were pouring down his face, when they returned to the palace. Sandro was forgiven and later, when he and Brunetta were married, he was the happiest man in the kingdom.

Ever after, Sandro cooked the choicest food for the king.

"I am indeed a contented man," said the king to Brunetta one day, when she had served him a tasty dish that Sandro had made. "Sandro's cooking is even better since you and he were married. I can see I must hunt another crane bird. I hope it will be as delicious as the last one."

"Oh, it will be much nicer, your Majesty," said Brunetta, "because it will have two legs."

The king laughed, and Brunetta realised that he had guessed that Sandro had used the leg to win her love.



Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

The story so far.....

Lord Ganapathi wrote down the Mahabharata, as the sage Vedavyas composed it. We read how King Janamejay, the son of King Parikshit, heard the story of his father's death through the bite of the Serpent Takshak, and how the sage Udank exhorted the king to punish Takshak.

The Sacrifice of the Serpents

Giving way to Udank's pleas, King Janamejay decided to perform the sacrifice of the serpents in order to punish the Serpent Takshak. Elaborate preparations were made, and sages learned in the lore of

sacrifices were invited from far and near. However, one of the sages prophesied that the sacrifice would never be completed.

As the sacrifice was in progress, thousands of serpents appeared from everywhere and dropped into the sacrificial fire to be consumed.

Serpent Takshak sought the protection of Indra, King of the Gods, whilst another serpent chief, Vasuki, sought the help of his nephew, Asthik.

Asthik went to the sacrifice, and because of his learning and charm was well received by the King and all the sages present. In fact, the hymns

he chanted were so moving, the King asked him to choose a suitable reward.

Asthik in a pleading voice said, "O Great King, in order to avenge your father's death, you have killed thousands of snakes, so I beg of you to spare those that are left."

The King did not want to stop the sacrifice and asked Asthik to name any other wish, but again Asthik appealed to the King to have mercy. At this, the sages reasoned with the King that Asthik's request was not unreasonable, and so the King ordered that the sacrifice be stopped.

At this moment Vedavyas arrived with his disciples, and told the assembly the history of the forbears of Janamejay and the Pandavas.

The earliest recorded ancestor of Janamejay was Saraswata Manu, and amongst the long line of descendants were Yayati, Pururav and then Dushyant, whose son was the Great Bharata. King Bharata's great grandson was Hasti, who built the city of Hastinapura. Then seven generations later Santanu came to the throne.

The Story of King Santanu

One day the King was out hunting and on the bank of the river Ganga he saw a maiden of breathtaking loveliness. He was so intoxicated by her beauty that he earnestly offered her his kingdom, his wealth, his very life, if she would become his wife.

The maiden smiled at the King and said, "I shall become your wife, but on certain conditions. You must never ask me who I am, nor ever oppose anything I do. You must not say anything displeasing to me. If you ever do otherwise, I shall leave you there and then."

The infatuated King vowed his assent and she became his wife.

King Santanu and his Queen lived a life of perfect happiness, oblivious to the passage of time. Yet each time she gave birth to a child, she would take the new-born babe to the Ganga and cast it into the river, and return to the King with a smiling face.

The King was filled with horror at such murderous deeds, but suffered it all in agonising silence, ever aware of the promise he had made. He often



King Santanu stopped his wife from throwing the baby into the river.

wondered as to who she was, and why she should commit these foul deeds on her own babes.

In all she killed seven children. When the eighth child was born, and she was about to throw it into the river, King Santanu could bear the torment no longer. He rushed forward, and catching her by the arm,

shouted, "Stop, you cruel woman! How can you so fiendishly murder your own innocent children?"

"My King," she replied, "You have forgotten your promise, but now you may have your child for you do not need me anymore. I am the goddess Ganga, I came to earth at the request of these eight

sons of yours. They are gods, who were cursed to be born as men. They begged me to marry you and mother them. It was also their wish, that I should drown them so they could return to their abode in heaven."

She placed the babe in Santanu's arms. "Take good care of him, for he will live long and bring great glory to the Kuru race. Now I must leave you." Saying this, the goddess disappeared.

Santanu's grief knew no bounds. He loved Ganga very deeply, and now his only joy was his little son. On him the King lavished all his affections, and the child, named Devavrata, grew up to be a truly noble prince, and was crowned the heir apparent.

Many years went by. Then one day as the King was riding by the river Yamuna, the air was filled with a fragrance so divinely sweet that the King had to find from whence it came, and he traced it to a girl sitting on the bank of the river. Santanu was so overcome by her beauty, that he begged her to marry him.

"I am Satyavati, a fisherwoman," said the girl, "My father is the chief of the fisher-

men and first you must ask his consent."

King Santanu wasted no time in going to see her father, and earnestly begged for the hand of Satyavati in marriage.

"I will consent to this marriage," said the father, "Provided you promise that if my daughter has a son, he shall be king after you."

The King could not make this promise, as it meant setting aside the rights of Devavrata, his son by Goddess Ganga. He therefore returned to his palace, sick with baffled desire. He did not tell anyone of his sorrow, and as the days went by he could neither eat nor sleep.

The prince Devavrata worried over his father's plight, and questioning the King's charioteer, he soon discovered the reason for his father's anguish.

He went to the chief of the fishermen and besought the daughter's hand on his father's behalf, readily promising that a son by the marriage would succeed his father as king.

The chief of the fishermen was greatly moved. "You are a great and noble prince, and I have no doubt you will keep your word, but how can I know that children born of you would



King Santanu meets the Chief of the fishermen.

not seek to seize the kingdom which was your birthright?"

Although startled by this demand, Devavrata was still determined to fulfil the king's desire, so he vowed with upraised arm. "I shall never marry and I dedicate myself to a life of celibacy."

As he uttered these words, the gods showered flowers on

his head, and the air resounded with cries of "Bhishma", "Bhishma." From then onwards, the Prince was known as Bhishma, the one who takes a solemn vow and fulfils it.

So King Santanu married Satyawati, and two sons were born, Chitrangada and Vichitra-virya. Eventually Chitrangada came to the throne, but was



King Pandu lived in the forest with his two wives.

killed in battle, and died without any children. He was succeeded by Vichitravirya, who had two sons named Dhritarashtra, who was born blind, and Pandu. When they came of age, Dhritarashtra married the Gandhara Princess, Gandhari, and Pandu married the Princess Kunti. As Dhrita-

ashtra was blind, Pandu ascended the throne on the death of Vichitravirya.

The Story of Kunti Devi and Pandu

When Princess Kunti was a young girl, the sage Durvasa stayed for a time as a guest in her father's home. The sage was so pleased with the care and

attention Kunti bestowed on him, that he made the princess a promise saying, "Child, if you call upon any of the gods repeating the hymn I will teach you, the god will bless you with a son equal to him in glory."

Out of childish curiosity, Kunti recited this divine hymn to the Sun God. A child with a suit of gold armour and diamond ear-rings, was born to her. Kunti was aghast and wondered what she should do with the child. So one night she put the child in a casket and set it afloat in the river Ganga. A groom of Dhritarashtra's happened to see the casket in the river, and was both surprised and delighted to find it contained a beautiful child. He handed it over to his wife, and it was this child who came to be known as Karna.

On the advice of Bhishma, and in accordance with the custom of that time, Pandu took a second wife, Madri, the sister of the King of Madra.

One day King Pandu was out hunting, and seeing a pair of deer, shot the male deer, ignorant of the fact that it was a sage in the guise of a deer. With his dying breath

the sage put a curse on Pandu that he would never be able to have any children.

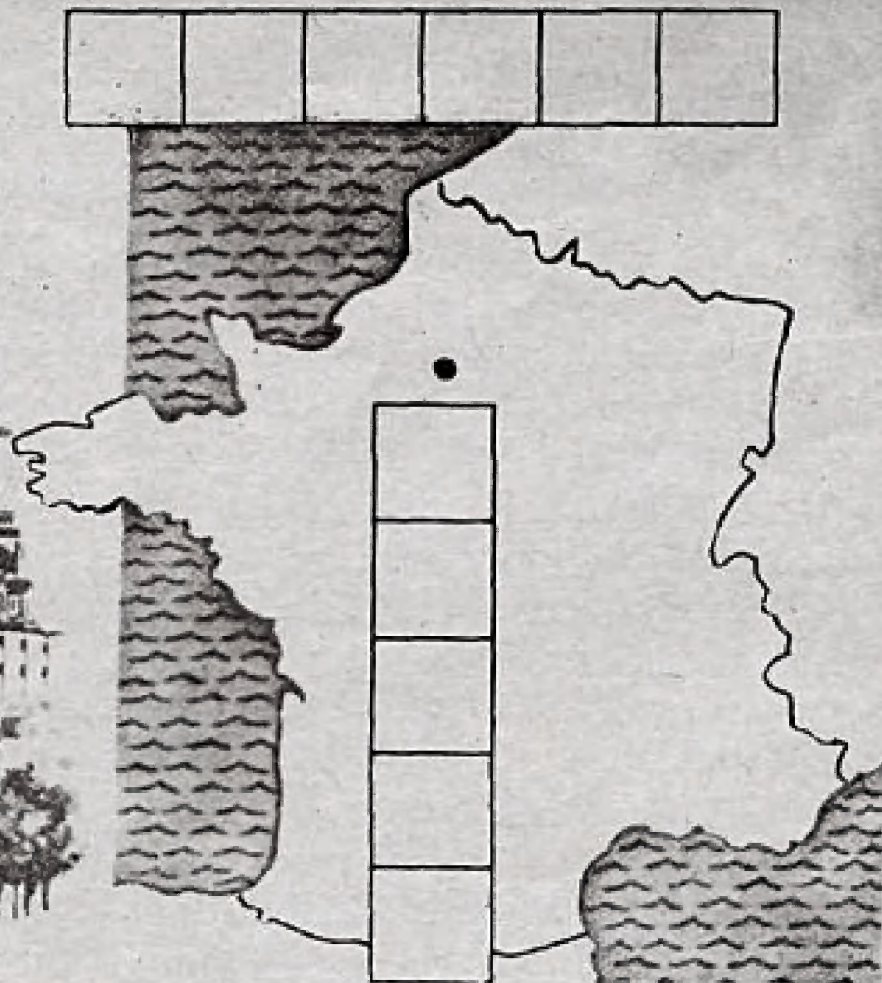
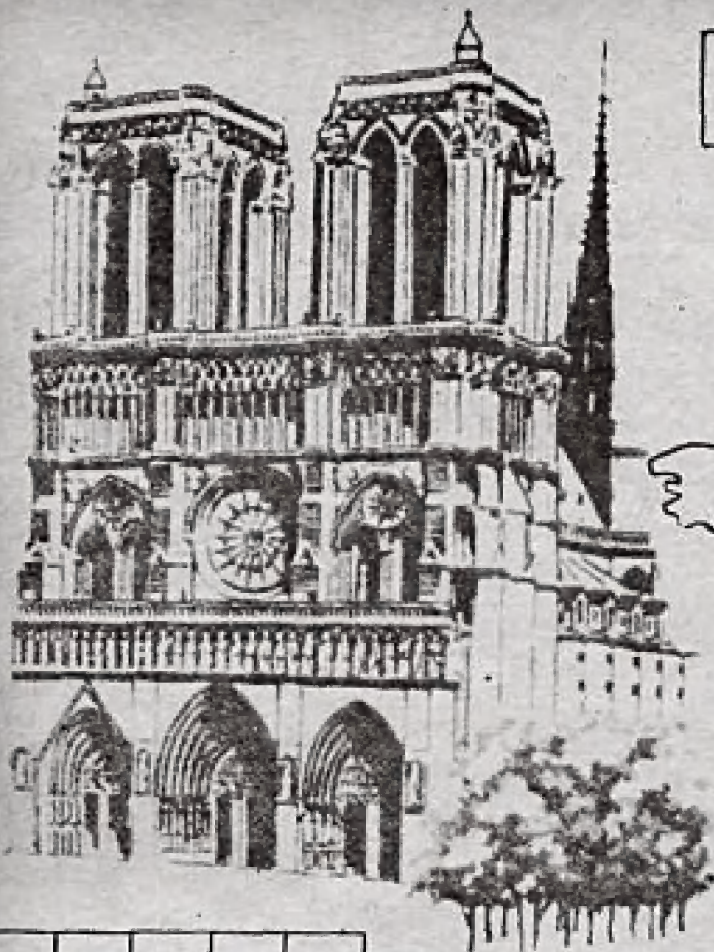
Pandu was heartbroken at this curse, and retreated into the forest to live in solitude with his two queens, and it looked as if Pandu would die childless. Then Kunti told Pandu about the sage Durvasa's promise that she could have children after invoking the gods.

Pandu, although still in the throes of despondence, readily agreed, and soon Kunti had three sons by the gods. Later Kunti prayed to the gods on behalf of Madri, and she in turn was gifted with two sons.

But Pandu still could not find any happiness in life. He was continuously haunted by the sage and his curse. Then one day Pandu suddenly collapsed and died.

Madri could not contain her sorrow, and she burnt herself on the pyre of her husband entreating Kunti to remain and be a mother to her children.

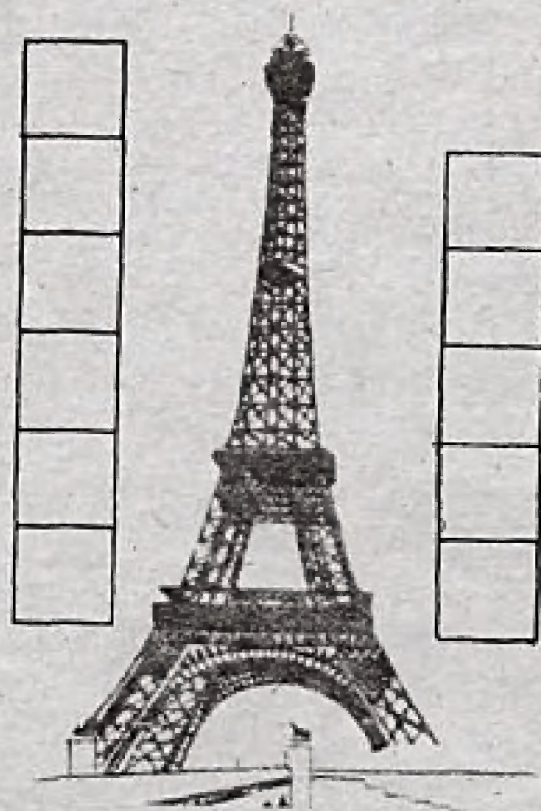
The sages of the forest took the bereaved Kunti and the five children to Hastinapura where they were brought up by their uncle Dhritarashtra along with his one hundred sons.



--	--	--	--	--

--	--	--	--

1. This famous church has seen centuries of turbulent history. What is its name?
2. Do you know what this European country is called and the name of its capital city?
3. You are sure to know the name of this famous tower.



ANSWERS

1. Notre Dame.
2. France, Paris.
3. Eiffel Tower.